PR 2923
1916
.W4
Copy 1

WILL O' THE WORLD

A

Shakespearean Tercentenary *Masque*

by Isabelle Fiske Conant

1616 1916

SATVRDAY, MAY 13 *at* 3.

Dana Estate, Grove St., Wellesley.

Copyright 1916 by Isabelle Fiske Conant

COLLINS & FAIRBANKS CO.

Men's Hats

Furs - - Millinery

Imported Cloth Coats

383 Washington St. Boston

SAXON

Strength Economy Service

THOSE features which you have come to associate exclusively with the high-priced cars you will find embodied in Saxon "Six" at $815. It meets—in every respect—present day standards among fine cars.

The Hawley-Cowan Co.

889 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON

Phone Back Bay 5583

PR2923
1916
.W4

Mayer Jonasson & Co.

Tremont and
Boylston
Streets
Boston

Suits, Coats,
Gowns, Waists
Separate Skirts,
Silk Petticoats,
Sweater Coats,
and Furs, for
Women and
Misses.

"UNCOMMON
STYLES"

Arthur C. Harvey Co.

374-394 CONGRESS STREET

Iron Steel

Metals

MAY 13 1916

Resources, over One Million and One Quarter

Wellesley National Bank

has a Savings Department in which deposits go on interest the first of March, June, September and December. Interest at the rate of 4% per annum is paid in this Department.

Certificates of Deposit are issued at the rate of 3% if the money is left over one month and thirty days' notice of withdrawal is given.

2% is paid on Deposits subject to Check where a free balance of over $300.00 is kept.

Over 1854 Check Accounts
Over 1933 Savings Department Accounts

Chas. N. Taylor, President
Benj. H. Sanborn, Vice President
B. W. Guernsey, Cashier.

Linscott Motor Company

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUE"

566 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

Telephone Back Bay 8430

ESTABLISHED 1860

James I. Wingate & Son

402 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

Interior Decorators

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE PAINTING, WALL PAPERS
DRAPERIES, FURNITURE, RUGS, CARPETS

J. MURRAY QUINBY, Wellesley Representative
Wellesley 372 W **Back Bay 2352**

The Columbian National Life Insurance Company

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Incorporated Under the Laws of Massachusetts

Paid Up Capital $1,000,000.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, AND HEALTH INSURANCE

Issues at *Low Cost* Attractive Policies, Liberal in Their Terms and Provisions

---

OFFICERS

ARTHUR E. CHILDS, President

FRANCIS P. SEARS,
Vice President and Comptroller

WILLIAM H. BROWN,
Secretary and Treasurer

WALTER I. KING, Actuary

DR. JOHN S. PHELPS
Medical Director

CHARLES A. BENNETT,
Mgr. Accident and Health Dept.

HOME OFFICE AGENCY, COLUMBIAN NATIONAL LIFE BLDG.
Cor. Franklin and Arch Sts.

FRANKLIN W. GANSE, General Agent.

CARLOS B. MOORE, District Manager,

411 Linden Street, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

88 Arch St., Boston, Mass.

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE COMMONWEALTH TRUST COMPANY

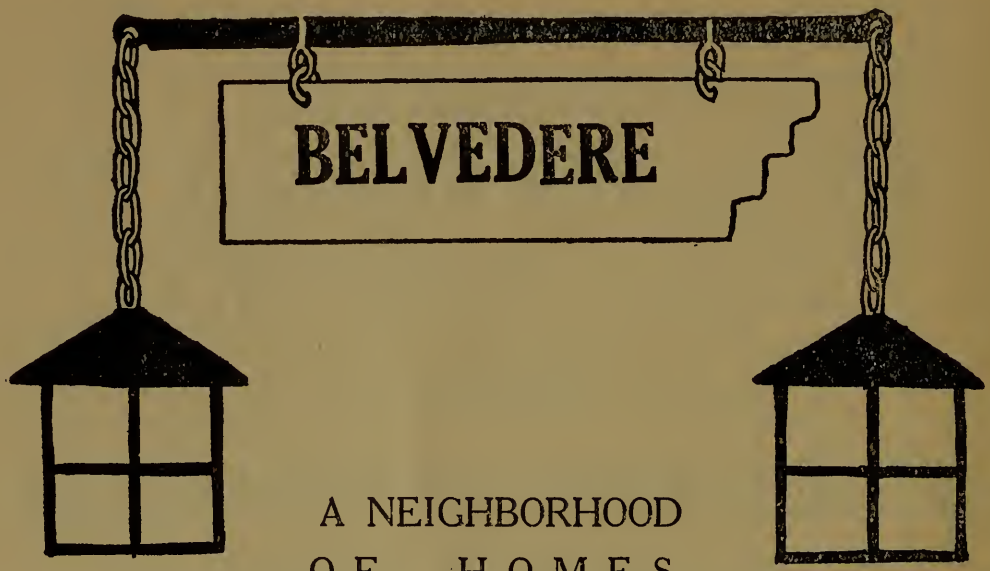
Boston

88 Summer Street 30 Congress Street

Washington Street Branch, 1199 Washington St.
Causeway Street Branch, 105 Causeway Street

W. W. McLeod, Grocer

Wellesley Hills



A NEIGHBORHOOD
OF HOMES

Maugus Real Estate Trust

COLE & SMITH, Selling Agents

Compliments of

THE FISKE CORPORATION

20 Main Street

Natick, Mass.

Compliments of

THE MAUGUS GARAGE

Wellesley Hills

Torrey, Bright & Capen Co.

Carpets and Rugs

of every description

350 Washington St.

Boston

THE Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., was incorporated in 1904. It immediately entered the business world to assist the manufacturer, merchant, banker and investor in successullly conducting his business and investments through a clearer knowledge of those fundamentals which caused their fluctuations.

FROM that small beginning the Organization has grown to be the largest statistical organization in the world, with representatives and clients in almost every country on the globe.

ORGANIZATION

Director of Masque
Mrs. Laura Palmer Ingalls

Musical Director
Mr. Crowley

Treasurer
Mr. Benj. H. Sanborn

Executive Committee
Mrs. Frank H. Burtt, *Chairman*
Mrs. G. Edward Alden
Miss Mary C. Buchan
Mrs. Ellis B. Dean
Miss Marion H. Niles
Miss Evelyn Robbins
Mrs. Harry Rollins

Music Committee
Mrs. F. Richmond Fletcher
Mrs. Harry Haley
Mrs. A. L. Jacobs
Mrs. Russell Stearns
Mrs. Edward F. Stevens
Mrs. W. L. Taylor

Costume Committee
Mrs. Thomas A. West, *Chairman*
Mrs. Frank E. Buxton
Mrs. Henry T. Coe
Miss Agnes Hastings
Mrs. Gilbert N. Jones
Mrs. Stanley W. Longmire
Mrs. Harrison A. Plympton
Mrs. J. Murray Quinby
Mrs. A. Erwin Rankin
Mrs. Charles E. Richardson
Miss Clara Selfe

Publicity Committee
Mr. Robert A. B. Cook, *Chairman*
Mr. Charles Aiken
Mrs. Edward W. Bancroft
Mrs. Willard F. Dillaway
Mrs. Edward W. Perkins
Miss Agnes E. Rothery
Mr. W. H. Hough
Mr. Ralph W. Richardson

Grounds Committee
Mr. H. A. Austin, *Chairman*
Mrs. G. E. Alden
Mrs. Arthur P. Dana
Mrs. Harry Rollins

Teacher of the Maypole and Morris Dance
Miss Lucy Osgood

In charge of Episode I,
Mrs. H. V. Niles

In charge of Episode II
[*a*] *Maypole Dance*—Mrs. Arthur C. Harvey
[*b*] *Morris Dance*—Miss Evelyn Robbins

In charge of Episode IV
Mrs. Harry Rollins

In charge of Episode V
Mrs. A. Erwin Rankin, Mrs. Robt. B. Puffer, Mrs. S. P. Longmire
[*a*] *Masque*—Mrs. Frank E. Buxton
[*b*] *Miracle Play*—Mrs. Hamilton Macdougall

Epilogue
Mrs. M. T. Hubbard

Property Manager
Miss Evelyn Robbins,

Thanks are tendered to Mr. Charles A. Aiken and Miss Mary Aiken for their valuable assistance.

PATRONESSES

Mrs. Cecil Q. Adams
Mrs. George B. Ager
Mrs. William H. Aymar
Mrs. Roger W. Babson
Mrs. Robert M. Baker
Mrs. William H. Baltzell
Mrs. Edward E. Bancroft
Mrs. Nelson S. Bartlett
Miss Katherine L. Bates
Mrs. William H. Blood
Mrs. Gamaliel Bradford
Mrs. Arthur E. Brown
Mrs. James Buchan
Mrs. Frank E. Buxton
Mrs. Henry M. Cleveland
Mrs. Charles E. Cobb
Miss Helen T. Cooke
Mrs. Benjamin Curtis
Mrs. Arthur P. Dana
Mrs. Ellis B. Dean
Miss Anna Devereaux
Miss Sarah P. Eastman
Miss Mary N. Edwards
Mrs. Moses Ellis
Mrs. Edward D. Emerson
Mrs. William P. Fay
Mrs. George P. Folsom
Mrs. F. Murray Forbes
Mrs. Edward A. Goddard
Mrs. Benjamin W. Guernsey
Mrs. Orin C. Hart
Miss Agnes Hastings
Mrs. Arthur C. Harvey
Mrs. Parke W. Hewins
Mrs. Edward C. Hood
Mrs. Mary E. Horton
Mrs. Albert Howe
Miss Ethel D. Hubbard
Mrs. Arthur Hunnewell
Mrs. Henry S. Hunnewell
Mrs. Franklin B. Ingraham
Mrs. Gilbert N. Jones
Mrs. Frederick Lauderburn
Mrs. John C. Lee
Mrs. Frederick C. Leslie
Mrs. Victor J. Loring
Mrs. George H. Lowe
Mrs. Hamilton Macdougall
Miss Fannie L. Massie
Mrs. Louville V. Niles
Mrs. John E. Oldham
Mrs. Edward R. Peirce
Miss Ellen F. Pendleton
Mrs. Edward A. Perkins
Mrs. Austin Potter
Mrs. Waldo E. Pratt
Mrs. Harrison A. Plympton
Mrs. A. Erwin Rankin
Mrs. Francis W. Sargent
Miss Mary C. Sawyer
Mrs. David C. Scudder
Mrs. Robert G. Shaw
Mrs. Isaac Sprague
Mrs. Horace Stanwood
Mrs. Carl S. Stillman
Mrs. Robert L. Studley
Miss Leila H. Swift
Mrs. Fletcher L. Torrey
Miss Edith S. Tufts
Mrs. Joseph F. Wight
Mrs. Edward H. Wiswall

PEOPLE TAKING PART

IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

TRUMPETERS

Axel Larson — George Scott
Harry Larson — Leon Stacy

POEM

Miss Evelyn Robbins

PROLOGUE

Mr. Seldon Brown

SPIRIT OF THE FLAME OF ENGLISH POETRY .....Mrs. Josiah H. Goddard

Attended by

INSPIRATION .....Miss Dorothy Cunningham
TRAGEDY .....Mrs. Charles E. Jensen
FARCE .....Mrs. C. E. Robbins
ROMANCE .....Miss Margaret Dodd
THE HARPER .....Mr. Charles Aiken
LANGLAND .....Mr. Loring Jacobs
CHAUCER .....Mr. Henry M. S. Aiken

EPISODE 1

LORDS AND LADIES

Mr. and Mrs. Herman P. Bell — Mr. and Mrs. Willard F. Dillaway
Dr. and Mrs. Harry S. Gilman — Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hodgekinson
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Hill — Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Proctor, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stearns — Mr. and Mrs. Harold V. Niles

FLOWER GIRLS

Jean Saunders — Gwendolin Keen
Margaret Sheridan — Mabel Young

VENDERS

Robert Barton — Gordon Bucknam — Spenser Eddy

PAGES

Barbara Brooks — Eleanor Brooks
Virginia Harvey — Katherine Harvey

QUEEN ELIZABETH .....Mrs. Edward F. Stevens
EARL OF LEICESTER .....Mr. Josiah H. Goddard

ATTENDANTS OF ELIZABETH

Mrs. Arthur C. Harvey — Miss Margaret Brown — Mr. Richard Cunningham
Miss Eleanor Rindge — Mr. Francis Cobb
SYBIL .....Miss Ethel Cooper

GIFT BEARERS

SYLVANUS .....Miss Eleanor Early
MARS .....Mrs. Stanley Leighton
BACCHUS .....Mrs. William Amidon
POMONA .....Mrs. James Cowan
CERES .....Mrs. C. Raymond Loring
NEPTUNE .....Mrs. Frederick Wildes
PHOEBUS .....Mrs. F. Albert Edmands
LADY OF THE LAKE .....Miss Lois Hopkins
ATTENDING NYMPHS .....Mrs. Willard Harding
Mrs. Edward Richardson

Masque of Diana

DIANA ..... Mrs. Walter Brown

NYMPHS

Miss Grace Ackerman	Miss Edith Richardson	Miss Dorothy Kirby
Miss Priscilla Alden	Miss Frances Taplin	Miss Jean Rankin
Miss Helen Comisky	Miss Helen Andrews	Miss Edith Savage
Miss Marion Green	Miss Margery Bowen	Miss Helen Vaughn
Miss Hildegard Nelson	Miss Karleen Fox	

MERCURY ..... Miss Agnes Flynn

Miracle Play — St. George and the Dragon

KING OF EGYPT ..... Mortimer Blood
GIANT ..... Robert Macdougal
FATHER CHRISTMAS ..... Emerson Davis
DRAGON ..... Percy Rust
ST. GEORGE ..... Robert Olson
DOCTOR ..... Walter Flagg
TURKISH KNIGHT ..... Horace Pelton
BOY SHAKESPEARE ..... Winslow Eddy
GIRL JUDITH ..... Josephine Hawley

EPISODE II

MAY POLE DANCE

Kenneth Amidon	Elizabeth Beede	Frances Fletcher
Arthur R. Baker	Miriam Beede	Katherine Green
Fred Bossert	Vera Bowen	Frances Harvey
Arthur Briggs	Alice Damon	Gertrude Harvey
Charles Green	Muriel Damon	Elizabeth Lewis
Francis Hersey	Mildred Ellis	Priscilla Quinby

MORRIS DANCE

MAID MARION ..... Charles Carey

ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN

Herbert Buell	Sanford Leland
Richard Cutting	Clayton McKenney
Ralph Davis	Thomas Norcross
Kenneth Harvey	George Quinby
Alden Hurd	Lawrence Simmonds

Herbert Fuller

YOUTH WILL SHAKESPEARE ..... Leighton Rollins
MAID JUDITH ..... Helen Curtis

EPISODE III

MYSTERY ..... Mrs. Stuart B. Molony
SHAKESPEARE ..... Mr. W. Lee Burchstead
BEN JONSON ..... Dr. Marshall L. Perrin
SIR WALTER RALEIGH ..... Mr. Walter Brown
FALSTAFF ..... Mr. Allison Barnes
ROSALIND ..... Miss Margaret Brooks
TOUCHSTONE ..... Mr. Kingsley Van R. Dey
HAMLET ..... Mr. William E. Stanwood
ROMEO ..... Mr. Ralph Tailby
JULIET ..... Mrs. Philip Hawley

FARCE WITH SPARKS OF COMEDY

Harriet Brooks
Margaret Gallan
Dorothy Green
Emily Hamburger
Ruth Harvey
Persis Hurd
Dorothy Longmire
Viola Rust

Katherine Wood

TRAGEDY WITH SMOKE OF TRAGEDY

Barbara Buxton
Marie Dawley
Hazel Diehl
Esther Redell
Katherine Rose
Isabella Sweetser

EPISODE IV

OLD ENGLISH GAME

Alice Donahue
Margaret Donahue
Helen Flynn
Florence Haley
Muriel Myers
Dorothy Nutt
Annie O'Neil
Eunice Rogers

Edith McCoy

HAMNET ..... Bernard Barton
JUDITH ..... Barbara Barton

EPISODE V

PUCK ..... Miss Elsa Richardson
TITANIA ..... Miss Alice Hunt
OBERON ..... Miss Marie Blood

FAIRIES

PEASBLOSSOM ..... Katherine Allen
PEASBLOSSOM ..... Louise Hough
COBBWEBB ..... Josephine Hawley
FERNSEED ..... Eleanor Adams
MUSTARDSEED ..... Clarice Holloway
MOTH ..... Leita Briggs

Marcella Clapp
Kathleen Cobb
Barbara Ellis
Eunice Garland
Marcia Hoyle
Muriel Hoyle
Blanche Jackson
Margaret Nay
Barbara Neville
Priscilla Norton
Martha McGill
Elizabeth Perkins
Dorothy Proctor
Lally Lee Kennedy

Gertrude Longmire

HEROES AND HEROINES

PORTIA ..... Mrs. Fred T. Allen
LADY MACBETH ..... Miss Agnes E. Rothery
DESDEMONA ..... Mrs. Charles W. Lewis
OLIVIA ..... Mrs. Daniel S. Pratt, Jr,
HELENA ..... Mrs. L. T. McKenney
JACQUES ..... Mr. James Cowan
OTHELLO ..... Mr. J. Murray Quinby
ANTONIO ..... Mr. George Guernsey
SHYLOCK ..... Mr. Philip Hawley
MACBETH ..... Mr. Benjamin Guernsey
JESSICA ..... Mrs. John L. Shephardson

EPISODE VI

ARIEL ..... Mrs. Walter A. Hersey
BACON ..... Mr. Decatur Appleton
BOY IN AUDIENCE ..... William Larrabee
JUDITH ..... Miss Camp

EPILOGUE

RED CROSS KNIGHT ..... Robert Brown

ATTENDED BY CHILD CRUSADERS

George Almond
John Almond
Asa Haley
Gordon Gallan
Joseph Wildey
Harold Buchman

RED CROSS NURSE ..... Edna Bowen
SAINT GEORGE ..... Mr. Paul Ingraham

MUSIC

Furnished by the Boston Festival Orchestra, Mr. Crowley, Director.

Overture ..... *Old English Music*

EPISODE ONE

Midsummer Night's Dream. Intermezzo ..... *Mendelssohn*
Old English Songs
March of Bacchus ..... *Delibes*
Hark, Hark the Lark ..... *Schubert*
Serenade ..... *Drigo*

EPISODE TWO

Maypole Dance
Morris Dance. Laudnum Bunches
Ballade A Flat ..... *Chopin*
Romance ..... *German*

EPISODE THREE

Chanson Triste ..... *Tchaikowsky*
Ballade A Flat ..... *Chopin*
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes ..... *Jonson*

EPISODE FOUR

Nymphs and Shepherds [Song and Dance] ..... *Purcell*
Loure ..... *Bach*

EPISODE FIVE

Midsummer Night's Dream. Overture ..... *Mendelssohn*

EPISODE SIX

Gavotte ..... *Gluck*
Spring Song ..... *Grieg*
Shadow Dance ..... *Meyerbeer*
Midsummer Night's Dream. Nocturne ..... *Mendelssohn*

EPILOGUE

King of Hussars ..... *Morse*
SONGS IN EPISODE I ..... Miss Marion H. Niles

DOUBLE QUARTETTE

Mr. William Amidon
Mr. Harold Niles
Mr. Fay Simmons
Dr. Harry Haley
Mr. Willard Harding
Mr. Edward Richardson
Mr. Russell Stearns
Mr. R. C. Hodgekinson

SONGS IN EPISODE III ..... Mr. Ralph Tailby
SONGS IN EPISODE IV ..... Miss Marion H. Niles

PROSE ARGUMENT

EPISODE ONE. or Anti-Masque. Shakespeare the Child.

The Spirit of the Flame, the Torchbearer, the presiding genius of English poetry summons her attendants, Inspiration and the Spirit of Tragedy, of Romance, and of Farce, who is attended by the sparks of Comedy. They all dance, each in her mood. Inspiration, in her dance, has enveloping scarves; sable for tragedy, blue for romance, scarlet for farce. These represent: tragedy, the smoke; romance, the light and warmth and farce, the sparks of the flame. Tragedy wears sable. romance, blue and farce, motley. These spirits of the drama appear through the episodes when the nature of the action calls for them and set the mood of that particular scene. Mystery also attends, representing not only the mystic element in poetry but the mystery surrounding the life of Shakespeare, since so little is known of him.

The Spirit of the Flame waits the coming of the master-poet. The old harper, the ballad maker, passes with his attendants or followers. Langland,who masks in his writings as the ploughman and Chaucer, the court poet, do not arrest her attention as the objects of her search. The centuries pass as she watches. The Kenilworth revels approach. During them she discovers the boy Shakespeare but does not reveal herself to him.

The revels are at Kenilworth Castle in 1675, when Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth for a fortnight of revels. A few incidents of these are suggested. The scene shows lords and ladies in court costumes in groups on the green. Venders and flower girls pass among them. A chorus of male voices sings the Shakespearean song, "It was a lover and his lass." Elizabeth and Leicester accompanied by pages, attendants and lords and ladies on horse-back, arrive at the Castle Gate. They are greeted by a blast of welcome from the trumpeters. As Elizabeth passes through the gate, a sybil steps from her green bower and recites a short verse of welcome. The verse written for original Kenilworth Revels. Seven damsels have been awaiting Elizabeth bearing gifts from these gods and goddesses: Sylvanus, Ponoma, Ceres, Bacchus, Neptune, Mars, Phoebus. They escort Elizabeth to her seat of honor, bestow their gifts upon her and remain grouped about her. The Lady of the Lake and two Nymphs float down the stream on a barge. They land and pay homage to Elizabeth. Diana,

accompanied by her Nymphs, comes from a nearby grove, hunting fo Zabeta who had been spirited away by Juno. Mercury comes with a message for Diana, apprising her of Zabeta's presence in the neighborhood. In Elizabeth, Diana discovers the lost Zabeta. The episode closes with the old Cornish play, "Saint George and the Dragon."

EPISODE TWO. Shakespeare the Lad.

At Stratford, the sixteenth birthday of Shakespeare, by our present calendar ten days later than the old style April twenty-third. There are May-Day revels, the Maypole, the dancing of the nine men morris, in the guise of Robin Hood and his followers. There is also given the Riding of St. George, the patron saint of England, and probably Shakespeare's birthday saint. He comes, followed by the dragon. Farce, in motley joins the revels.

Will, sixteen years old, dreams alone. To him comes Inspiration, disclosing his genius. As she goes, leaving him breathless with wonder, comes Judith, an imaginary, not historical character, the older girl who believes in him, and inspires the definite form of his work. Romance attends them.

EPISODE THREE. Shakespeare the Playwright.

In London, in the courtyard of the Globe Theatre. Mystery attends Shakespeare. Street venders pass. Shakespeare talks with his fellow playwrights, Ben Jonson and Walter Raleigh. He visualizes different characters, who pass through in their parts at his mention of them. It is in the high mood of literary creation, undershot with humour.

EPISODE FOUR. Shakespeare the Father

By the Avon. Old English children's games are given. They go, and Hamnet and Judith, Shakespeare's twelve-year-old twins, come in; Hamnet carried away by his father's poetry, Judith, uninterested but eager to pick flowers for her father. They contend as to which loves him most. Shakespeare enters, charmed by them both, but confiding in Hamnet only, his son who died at twelve. They dance away. Mystery attends.

EPISODE FIVE. Shakespeare the Dreamer.

In Arden, the wood of dreams. Shakespeare broods. Tragedy attends him, because of his melancholy mood. He is roused by Puck sent by Oberon to cheer him, and responds to the spirit of midsummer madness. The characters surround him in whimsical mood reproaching, burlesquing. Farce attends.

EPISODE SIX. Shakespeare Today.

Ariel leads Shakespeare to the Pageant Grounds, where, bewildered he sees the audience. Puck takes him off in an automobile, putting a girdle round the earth, while Ariel dances, and returns with him dazed by modernity: the cinemetograph, the skyscraper, and his own fame. In the audience before him, he fancies for a moment that he recognizes Hamnet again. He is aghast at the war, and the peril of his England, but is reassured by the approach of the Red Cross Knight, come to the rescue; his own St. George. He goes to meet him, withdrawing from the present and from the scene. Mystery and Tragedy attend.

EPILOGUE.

The Red Cross Knight comes, the link between the past and the present. He sees the Red Cross Nurse draw near and their dialogue closes the masque with their vision of fellowship. St. George appears, mounted. A procession of the masque follows.

The English centuries went and came,
With garlands of sweet song and flower.
Their soul, the Spirit of the Flame,
Heard Langland's name and Chaucer's name,
But waited yet an hour.

From earliest times our Shakespeare caught
Life's undertones and master-song
For golden lore he delved and sought,
Of light on sea or land was naught
Did not to him belong.

The pageantry of Kenilworth
He may have seen, a child amazed;
The human pageantry of earth,
Is all its changeful grief and mirth
Upon his spirit blazed.

A dreaming lad in Warwickshire,
Hawthorne and merle and rue he loved,
And human hearts, and that *desire*
That's glorious, for immortal fire
In his heart throbbed and moved.

He knew the hearts of lad and lass.
Today, whate'er we do,
We find his wisdom as a glass,
Beveled with metres, wherein pass
Our inner lives, come true.

His singing scenes, in Ariel-flight,
Sweep, lyrical, life's skies across,
Love's gay romance, or motley plight,
Or, shadows thrown across the light,
Love's gallant, timeless loss.

Across the stage of phantasy
Bright-eyed, or grave, his heroines glance,
More than themselves in them we see;
In Constance, all maternity;
In Rosalind, romance.

The queen, all mother in desire;
Portia, in human justice sage;
Juliet, her wounded heart on fire
For her hurt knight; 'tis a sweet choir
And an illumined page.

Through history's fact or fancy's masque,
Flame-lit, his matchless metres burn,
His stage but shows the human task,
Hamlet's unanswered questions ask
That truth for which we yearn.

Of songsters, England's soaring lark
His spirit was: her sentry-star;
Orion, shining through the dark,
The world has kindled to that spark,
A candle-beam, thrown far.

And as war's tempests rack the shore
Of England, like her stormy seas,
His tragic tides, with sob and roar,
And heart-beat rhythm, evermore
Sound human destines.

Centuries have passed: a mystic three,
Nor has life changed since then at all;
For all its latter luxury,
It still flows to the final sea,
Answers the self-same call.

PROLOGUE

'Tis Prospero's isle here, where may come to pass
Whatever will; not recking time nor space
Stratford or Wellesley; "the spacious times
Of great Elizabeth"-or ours today.
Those times are very like our own today
In pageantry, in drama and in song
In fashion and desire for golden wealth.
Think this is Avon's stream, and think this bridge
Is the Rialto, across which we pass
To unpath'd waters, undreamed shores, And so
We journey back to London, Kenilworth,
Avon and Arden, and we only find
Ourselves; remembering one April day.
April in old style; May time in the new,—
His birthday and his deathday all in one,
And since on April days 'tis hard to mask,
We mask in May, and, even so, in fear
And trembling, we have planned, lest *daffodils*
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, be today
All drenched with rain, and your new hats, likewise,
Ladies. We've hoped for clemency in May!
Three hundred years-three cycles-have revolved.
This is a play of Shakespeare's might-have-beens.
Men have concerned themselves too much with facts
Where few facts were-though greater things than facts
They've held a glass distorting. But we say,
Take him for all in all; this was a man.
We shall not look upon his like again.
We would not hunt his swift flight as a hare
By packs of baying hounds all off the scent;
We know this of him, sirs and ladies. He
Had chance to see such dramas of the time
As rolled through Avon, and mayhap the Queen
At Kenilworth at revels. And he wrote
So passing well that many readers thought
Where he wrote *I* he wrote but of himself.

Would that he had! Students, there is no tale
Of slander 'gainst him that hath any proof.
His mind was noble. One great fact we know,
His little lad died at the age of twelve.
Hath life a keener thrust? And that blow fell
On the most quivering heart on England's roll,
A vibrant harp beneath a Master-touch.
Chatter no follies, then, about his life;
History of genius is to gossips as
Pearls before,—Bacon! That has naught to do
With his real life, but with that more real life
That rests to us, his art. You who would spend
Your time on these things, not his glorious thoughts,
Leave this our pageantry, we beg of you
Climb yonder hill, and read in folios,
Was Shakespeare Bacon? Did he steal a deer?
O, monarch with the antlers of romance,
Swift to the chase, we hunt thee here today,
Elusive forest-king of English song!
"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"
But in these days, *can* joy be unconfined?
How can it, when the world is red with war,
When the Red Cross goes forth upon the field
In pity and in sorrow, that Red Cross
'Neath which St. George went riding, long ago?
Once more; in ending. In our Shakespeare's day,
Those in the pit that curved below the stage
Were called the *under-standing*. Now the pit
Has vanished, but we pray you all may be
The understanding. Friends, the masque is on!

EPISODE ONE.—SHAKESPEARE, THE CHILD

The Spirit of the Flame,—*the bearer of the Torch of Genius.*

Here is not he for whom I guard the Flame.
I wait for one to whom to hand the Torch,
A Lamp that shall flare through the windy world,
Brilliant and trembling, never to be quenched.

[*The revels take place.* **The Spirit of the Flame** *withdraws.* **Elizabeth and Leicester** *approach.*]

Elizabeth. You treat us royally, our lord and friend.
The clock at banquet hour of two stands still;
The hour of feasting, for a fortnight's space!

Leicester. What does that mean, save on your royal self
All eyes are feasted?

Elizabeth. What is here, my lord?

Leicester. This is a learned town that we approach.
There is a woman's college here, my liege.

Elizabeth. A woman's college! Never have I heard
Of such a thing!

Leicester. 'Tis Wellesley, in the shire
Of Norfolk.

Elizabeth. Good old names. [**Leicester** *imitates or anticipates, as you will, Sir Walter Raleigh by taking off his cloak, and spreading it down for the Queen to walk on.*]

Leicester. Step carefully.

Elizabeth. [*Stepping on his cloak*] Where women study I should think, my lord,
Even marshes would be dry.

Leicester. Nay, 'tis not so.
Here is a marshy bank of violets
But yonder, see, how strangely hard the street!

Elizabeth. A street so paved in a small country town!
Wonder of wonders! London would do well
To pave her streets so, too! 'Tis passing strange!
This thing so near, and I knew not of it!
I fear you've harmed your cloak!

Leicester. Remain this soil
Its best embroidery, wrought by your foot,
More rare than handmaid's fingers may design.

[*The boy Shakespeare and his companions approach. He speaks to them.*]

Shakespeare. A poor play that they gave us! I could do
Better than that! That was no play at all!
They seemed but puppets, not real folk at all!

Elizabeth. [*amused*] This is a learned town indeed, my lord.
Who's here?

Leicester. It is a lad from Stratford. Six years past
I saw him once before at Coventry,
A little lad betwixt his father's knees;
Standing agaze, when the Gray Friars gave
Their merry miracles at Whitsuntide.
We'll hear yet of him.

Elizabeth. Hush! We'll hear him now!

Shakespeare. It is as if a rustic clown should bear
A pasteboard moon upon a stick and say,
I am the moon! So each of these folk wears
Some character, as 'twere his only one,
'Tis not so in real life, where each man wears,
Like to his wardrobe, made of many sorts,
A dozen characters; coat, gloves, shirt, ruff,
Manners for street wear; other wear for house,
Some day *I'll* show you how, upon the stage!

Elizabeth. My lord, a prodigy. Let's listen more.

Leicester. Would'st be a strolling player, Will o' dreams?

Shakespeare. Nay, I would be an actor to the Queen!

Elizabeth. Well-spoken. We'll not lose this lad, my lord!

Shakespeare. Let's play the Queen now. Judith, you be she!
And since we have not costumes, pluck some flowers
For your crown and adornment. [*The children scatter and pluck flowers.*]

Shakespeare. [*Receiving them*] *Daffodils*
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

The Spirit of the Flame. [*Drawing near; recognizing the boy as her quest*]
Burn, my flame!
Here's that I've watched for long! A child as yet,
I may not yet make myself known to him,
'Twill not be long, though. Genius is full grown,
The while his agemates prattle. I can wait. [*The children dance off*]
Will, preoccupied, follows **The Spirit of the Flame.**

EPISODE TWO.—SHAKESPEARE, THE LAD

[**Shakespeare,** *the lad, is musing by Avon, with his tablets.* **Inspiration** *hovers about him, and sways him; at first unseen, then recognized. She may have enveloping, voluminous scarves; scarlet for farce; blue for romance; dusk for tragedy. She wears now the blue of romance, but may snatch up momentarily, now and then the scarlet,—or the sable; suiting her attitudes to the symbol of the scarf. She advances, retreats, nears, holds the torch, bends over him, breathes her messages. He writes, swiftly rises, rapt, going through the range of the moods, laughs, sings, dances kneels, recites, etc., all against changeful music and her dance.*]

Shakespeare. *The world's a stage.... Blow, blow, thou winter wind*
Under the greenwood tree.... Down on your knees
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love!.....
Motley's the only wear.... A blank, my lord.....
Farewell, fair cruelty.... O words, words, words!
O, English words, I love you. [**Inspiration** *confronts him*] Who is here?

Inspiration. Know you not?

Boy Shakespeare. [*transported*] I have heard you many times
When skylarks sang, when winds went whispering!
I've waited for you! Oh, I know you now!

Inspiration. And I have waited for you. Dare you be
The lamp in which I burn?

Boy Shakespeare. [*conscious of destiny*] It is not *dare*
But *must.* Who, watching you could craven be
Letting I dare not wait upon I would?

Inspiration. Beware, moth, lest you singe your wings with flame!

Boy Shakespeare. I fear not! Put the torch awhile aside
And dance as my companion! You are dressed
In blue of love!

Inspiration. I am not always so,
In mask of sable you shall see me yet,
Tragedy of your dream-folk, and your own.

Boy Shakespeare. That's far away! Now you must dance with me! [*They dance, the youth ecstatic;* **Inspiration** *going through the different moods of tragedy, comedy, romance; he reflecting them in response, yet always less grave, more carried away, than she. She withdraws, he is left alone, with his first realization of his genius. He passes through moods of reaction, distrust, humility and returning confidence. Slow action; vivid poses.*]

Boy Shakespeare. If this were played upon a stage, why now,
I should condemn it as improbable.
Mere matter for May morning. As it is,
Some are born great . . . Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open, sword of rhyme!
Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of Fame! . . .
I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By this sin fell the angels . . . wonderful,
Most wonderful, wonderful and again
Wonderful! The desire that's glorious! [*Writes breathlessly.* **Judith** *enters.*]

Judith. [*Bowing dramatically, then laughing*] Hail, Master Shakespeare! [*Sobering*] I am sure that you
Will be well-known some day. You even move
Myself to poetry.—Hark! [*Shows a written tablet.*]

Boy Shakespeare. [*Laughing, moved*] You're poetry's self
Hid in a woman—

Judith. Listen!

Boy Shakespeare. Skylark, sing!

Judith. "The poem hangs on the berry bush when Master Will's there, too,
And London's street is a masquerade when Shakespeare passes through!"
It is a couplet that I made for you!
Centuries later, 'twill be made again
If I do whisper it in some poet's ear.

Boy Shakespeare. [*eagerly*] Do you believe *that*?

Judith. There's naught goes too far
For what I think of what you yet will be
Your name will be a word to conjure with.
Your name will be well-known. I'll through the world
Holloa your name to the reverberate hills
And bid the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Will Shakespeare!" For you are born great!
Read to me [*Looking over his shoulder at his tablets, or dancing in pursuit.*]

Boy Shakespeare. [*Evading*] They are only scattered lines

Judith. They're snatches from the lark at Heaven's door!

Boy Shakespeare. They echo what yourself has sung to me.
They're rags of color, yet shall make a rug:
Girls' names—Viola, Portia, Rosalind,
Ophelia, Imogen, Nerissa,—all
Shall be yourself, now in a silken dress,
And now in tatters, but all, sweetheart, you!
You their criterion, their test and aim.
You're ever at your best whate'er you do
And so you are my glass. *When you do dance*
I wish you a wave of the sea, that you might . . . do
Nothing but that. When I look in your eyes
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world.
Oh, after this all maidens shall be you,
Look, here, within the Avon. I shall draw
You so, in them. The ripples all across
Shall not disguise you wholly. 'Twill be you
And always you.

Judith [*Ecstatic, then sobering.*] I'm glad you will do this;
That I may live in them, for I do think
'Tis only so I'll live long. I was born
Beneath a short-lived star, and I have that
Within my blood lets dark hair grow not gray.

Boy Shakespeare. Judith!

Judith. Oh, were it not for leaving you
'Twere not so hard a fate to fall asleep
By Avon: even in the spring of youth.
Sleep's winter hath its beauties. It doth hang
Crystals and diamonds on the churchyard's limes:
We are the stuff that dreams are made of, and
Our little life is rounded by a sleep.

Boy Shakespeare. [*Determined to shake her out of the mood.*] Judith, 'tis now you're dreaming. Come awake! [*Her mood changes to laughter.*]
I'll wake you! Ere you came, there was a maid
Here with me, Oh, a fair one!

Judith [*Taking up the merriment.*] Who was she?
Will, tell me now, who *was* she?

Boy Shakespeare. Nay, she was

Not real, not flesh and blood as you, nor kind
As you, sweet cousin Judith.

Judith. If she be
Not kind, and I have at her, you will not
Call me kind, then!

Boy Shakespeare. You're ever kind to me,
She was a will o' the wisp, and she was-fate [*Mysteriously.*]
Oh, I have seen the future! Whisperings
Took shape of wings. Vision was visible.
There's that within me must take shape as well
So long as life beats, for it is my life.
And I must soon to London seeking that.

Judith. [*Entreating*] Go not to London! He who writes must dream,
Not act. Stay here by Avon and with me!

Boy Shakespeare. Tempt not with Avon. Tempt but with yourself.
I need no London Mayfairs, having you-

Judith. I'll act for you here!

Boy Shakespeare. Oh, would that you could!
How could mere boys upon the Eastcheap stage
Show half your graces, sweetheart, or show one?
Yet never would I have thee on the stage
A gem worn on the sleeve of poesy
For daws to peck at. Judith, would you might
Be ever near to fan the flame! The fires
Of life turn embers, ashes: understood
By none save love-

Judith. Oh, I would rather know
Your ashes, than all flame else; rather hear
Your words than all song else. Their echoes go
Down futures that shall ever echo them.

EPISODE THREE.—SHAKESPEARE, THE PLAYWRIGHT

[*In the court yard of the Globe Theatre. London street cries heard; Will Shakespeare comes out and sits apart, musing over his tablets.—Mystery attends him, dancing. Raleigh and Jonson follow and talk of him, then join him.*]

Mystery. O, Will o' the Wisp, O Will o' the world, O, Will
Of comedy, of tragedy, of farce,
You're all men's and you're no man's and you're mine!
You're least of all your own. You're mystery's.

Jonson. This side idolatry I love this man,
He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. He has said,
The world's a stage. Let's name our playhouse, then,
The Globe! Once called the Theatre, but burned,
As by his flame of genius, to the ground,

Raleigh. A master, he! Rememberest thou, Ben,
Man's seven ages, rolling through the street
Creaking and clumsy, folk born 'neath Bow Bells,
Mouthing it stiffly? How his Pegasus
Leaps through man's ages, breathing fire the while!

Jonson. He handles words as I lay building bricks,
One word alongside other. Or atop,
His columns reach the sky. 'Tis Heaven attracts
Them, not the earth, and men climb as they read.
What stairs are his iambics, and what halls
Rise from his corner-stones! Were I to drink
Forever, I'd not match 'em!

Raleigh. Oh, his wine
Is ichor of the gods. He dips his soul
In it and writes!

Jonson. [*Clapping Will on the shoulder.*] What words you gave us, Will,
Tonight for our champagne! He wastes them not [*to Raleigh*]
But reconstructs them, builds them five feet long! [*Spreads out his arms, laughs*]

Shakespeare. Nay, but I use the same words as the rest.

Jonson. Oh, but the usage! Man, had I the power,
I'd grasp your throat-like this! and wrench them forth,

Those singing words, and have them for mine own!

Shakespeare. [*Struggling, laughing.*] Have off me, Ben! Think you, you're heaving bricks?

Raleigh. He thinks you're one more victim. Have a care
Of angering one with Tyburn on his thumb!

Shakespeare. [*Feigning abjectness.*] My Master, what's your wish?
I am your slave.

Jonson. Food, music, love.

Shakespeare. *If music be the food*
Of love, play on

Jonson. I told you he would twist
My words and make them purple that were dun.

Raleigh. Who was your master?

Shakespeare. Marlowe, most of all!
There was a moth that dashed against the flame,—
Kit Marlowe!

Raleigh. Rest his memory, wings of song!

Jonson. Pupil, you better him that 'prenticed you

Shakespeare. And here's a new magician. Oh, your tales
[*To Raleigh*]
Of Eldorado and of western worlds!
There's sound of music in them,—*Setebos*,
I'll use that later. Now I'll set it down.
Tell me of your adventures 'cross the seas.
The sunsets flaming 'cross the leagues of waves,
Painting the galleons. And those banks of mist
You took for shores of Eldorado,

Jonson. Hark
To him. Another, Francis Bacon, say,
Dry-as-dust, he would inventory you,
Item, one sunset: item so much mist.
Will and this Bacon are as like as—what?

Raleigh. As fire and ashes, or, as ice and flame,
As what's most unlike. Will, 'tis passing strange
You do not venture on those calling seas.
Your mind would buccaneer there, past the rest.

Jonson. Faith, it hath all it can at home. 'Tis set
'Hind and before with thoughts that importune.
Its Golden Hind is ever in full sail.
The man hath no time for adventures such
As yours. His Eldorado is at hand.

Shakespeare. Three plays already hammer at my door
At once. I scarce can slumber. No, my friend,
My library is dukedom large enough.
Go you, and bring your treasures back to me.
Oh, all around now clear, now shadowy,
But moving toward the light, I see my folk,
Look, any living man's a character!
Walking the streets of London, see them throng!
[*These characters appear as he invokes them.*]
Sir Rotund, born 'neath Bow Bells; how he'd stare
To know that he were Falstaff! And so on,
Tragedy, comedy, romance and farce.
Come forth, Romance! I name you Rosalind!
Comedy, I will twin you, for there must
Be listeners' ears, as well as jester's lips.
And these go linkéd. Hither, Dromios!
Farce—Touchstone; Yet you're more than that, even as
Your name is. Hamlet, past all action grieved,
That's tragedy, not Romeo and Juliet
For they in Heaven are met with utter joy [*catches himself up*]
Nay, I know not. Our life is rounded by
A sleep—

Raleigh. Ever that pose of yours about death's dream!
Why, man, think you Kit Marlowe's still asleep?
I can conceive it for a little while
But as for centuries-bah! The man's alive!

Shakespeare. Faith, it *is* time to sleep! I must to bed.
I start for Stratford town tomorrow morn
I've there a twelve year lad some day will make
Music that's music of our English words.
My Hamnet,—here's to *him*!

Jonson. And may he be
One iamb of the old pentameter! [*They drink to him in dumb show, then go.*] *Tragedy, Comedy, Romance and Farce dance.*]

EPISODE FOUR.—SHAKESPEARE, THE FATHER

[*Beside the Avon. Enter Hamnet with a book and tablets*

Hamnet. [*Reading.*] *My crown is in my heart, not on my head,*
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Not to be seen: my crown is called content
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. [*Enter Judith with garlands.*]

Hamnet. O Judith, listen! Hear what father wrote!
What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just
And he but naked, though locked up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Judith. [*Pouting.*] I don't know what it means! I wish he stayed
Longer at home, and when he comes he writes
Too much!

Hamnet. I wish he lived here, too, not far away
In London. And I know just what you mean.
Father's more splendid than his poetry even.
How his eyes shine! His voice is like a bell!
I hope he'll read to us soon.

Judith. If he does
I'll go to pick flowers. Poetry's tiresome!

Hamnet. Judith, how can you! Father's poetry, too!

Judith. Oh, I love father just as well as you.

Hamnet. Not *just* as well. You'd love his words, too, then. [*They quarrel.*]

Shakespeare. [*Entering.*] Fie! What's to do! [*They hang their heads.*]

Judith. He says he loves you more
Than I do!

Shakespeare. [*Laughing.*] Here's a cause for quarreling.

Judith. Because I go to pick flowers while you read
And he stays by to hear. It is for you
I pick the flowers.

Shakespeare. Run to the daffodils
Then, lass. Your father knows you love him well.

Hamnet. [*Passionately.*] Father, she doesn't know what your lines mean!

Shakespeare. [*Laughing.*] She's not alone, then!
I am but a glass
That shows the thoughts and acts of other men.

Think you King David or the harper old
Wrote all the songs he harped? Did all the deeds
He celebrated? I am but a pen
That writes of long ago. There live in me
Remembrances of things I never saw.

Hamnet. Tell me more, father!

Shakespeare. Hamnet, you are like
A girl of Avon that I used to know.
If you can keep a secret, I will tell.

Hamnet. Oh, always! Tell me!

Shakespeare. She was my first love,
My older cousin and my lady fair,
And she died of the plague that ravaged here.
Judith I named for her. But you're more like
She ever asked to hear my lines, like you,
Though I was but beginning when she died.
And never have I drawn a maid all fire
All life and sweetness but she lived in her.
May you love one as sweet as Judith was.

Hamnet. Take me to London, father! I would act
In your plays. Father, I am old enough
Now, to play Rosalind!

Shakespeare. Not yet, my lad,
Not London for you yet. When you are man,
Oh, when you're man, my boy!

Hamnet. That's long to wait
Go not to London, father. Stay with me.

Shakespeare. A few years hence, and I'll come back to thee
I'll leave the stage of London, just for thee,
And say, the world well lost, the sinful world [*He drops his face in his hands.*]

Hamnet. Father, does your head ache from writing plays?
I'll bind my handkerchief about your brows
And hold my hands to them. [*Pause.*]

Shakespeare. [*Covering the boy's hands.*] I'll feign me ill
To keep them there. I see you not enough,
My boy. [*Judith comes running in, with flowers.*]

Judith. Father, *here's rosemary*
That's for remembrance, and here's rue for you,
Pansies for thoughts, and daisies pied,—

Shakespeare. [*Catching her as she dances round him*]
And here's the sweetest flower of them all
Dance for me, children, dance of spring and flowers. [*They dance, leading him off.*]

EPISODE FIVE.—SHAKESPEARE, THE DREAMER

Shakespeare. [*Attended by Tragedy.*]
How bitter....to look into happiness
Through eyes of other men. That is my part.
My part's to view the world through others' eyes.
Today through Viola's or Rosalind's,
Tomorrow through Othello's. As for me
I hold the world's a stage where every man
Must play his part, and mine's a tragic one.
Who am I, 'midst all these? Come, man of dreams,
Come, questioner, who lets the issue by,
Come, Hamlet! I have conjured up myself [*Hamlet appears.*]
Does God feel so to see a new-born soul?
Oh, since I lost my Hamnet, I have lost
Myself, that went out with the light of him,
Shall my boy die and any other live
When he hath plucked Death's fernseed, and doth walk
In step beside me, though invisible?
I'll show what grief is. They who've lost a son
Shall have of me some comfort. Those who've not
May love their own the more. And as for me,
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form
Have I not reason to be fond of grief? [*He wanders, dreaming. Midsummer night's revels approach. Farce, and the sparks of Comedy attend. There is a dance of fairies: Moth, Cobweb, Mustard-seed, Pease-Blossom, Fern-seed before Oberon and Titania. Oberon summons Puck*]

Oberon. On such a night, my Puck, may lesser things
Have power o'er the greater. Fetch to me
That man of dreams who did us all create.
You'll know him by his tablets and his look
That sees far-off things nearer than the near.
And summon forth the creatures of his pen
That we may mock at him in kindly sport.
Hasten to him!

Puck. No sooner said than done!

Shakespeare. [*Coming slowly out of his dejection.*]
No more of that, for that way madness lies!
Oh, is the glory worth the heavy cost,
The splendor of the revel of the brain
Followed by distrust of all words and deeds?
Most miserable's the desire that's glorious
Till once more flames the torch and hastes the pen! [*He listens*]
What are those words that echo in my ears
Haunting the empty forest and my heart?
Come, lord of misrule, have your way with me!

[*A crowd of Shakespeare's heroines appear laughing in medley. They surround him, teasing, remonstrating, questioning, all in their parts He covers his ears, humourously, and tries to escape from the din.*]

Shakespeare. One at a time! *The little dogs and all,*
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!
Oh, I'm in love with all of you at once!
A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing!
Most dreadful for the lion!

Portia. Yield your pound
Of flesh! But I will treat you kindly, Sir,
Who wert so kind to me.

Shakespeare. What have we here?
Oh, speak again, bright angel! I'm a-cold!

Lady Macbeth. Why did you make me thus? Three hundred years
Of nightmare is no joke! Why did you so?

Desdemona. Why did you send me so much tragedy?
There was no need of such to do for naught
Of all things—*smothering!* I've had to die
A thousand times of it! Why did you so?

Shakespeare. There had been no play had I not done so,

Desdemona. There is enough of such things in real life,
Without the stage.

Shakespeare. Nay, *all the world's a stage.*

Olivia. To make me urge my love so!

Helena. [*Reproachfully*] And I, too!

[*Shakespeare's lost youth appears to him, with Romance. He holds out his arms in vain to him, who disappears with Romance, a dark lady*]

Shakespeare. Thou art myself, I love thee, my lost youth.
And thou dost sport with mine own lost romance
I wrote thee sonnets. Wherefore people haste
To chatter scandal over well-known names.

Jacques. Why did you make me so? Methinks I am
More than myself—Why did you torture me?
With melancholy madness? Oh methinks
I am yourself.

Othello. To make me slay my love,
Master! *In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange!*
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!
Yet 'twas for her a happy lot to die
Hearing, though dead, her audiences weep
At your own matchless metres, through the world.

Shakespeare. It may be many since then have refrained
As they would not through preachment. Else what end
Has tragedy? It is not sport to me.

Antonio. A pretty peck of trouble I was in!
And all the while you laughing in your sleeve!

Shylock. Why had you such a grudge against me, pray?
Was not a man in all your comedies
Or tragedies so set on. Was I then,
A foe on whom *your* ancient grudge fed fat,
Naming him Shylock? Sat those on the stage,
Who, being in the secret, nudged the next,
Knowing the meaning. Here there's food for thought.
Thou stolest not from other men at once
Their ducats and their daughters; stripped not bare
One soul of everything, or if thou didst
As Lear, it was with tenderness, not scorn.

Macbeth. And I, who am the gentlest soul alive,
Like to yourself—you plunge, forsooth, in gore!
I would not hurt a fly! But had I thee
Awhile, I'd make thee soon cry, *Hold, enough!*

Shakespeare. I hold the glass that folk, ill-dressed in sin,
May see themselves and change their garments straight.
Hunt me no more! Look up into the Heaven!
The moon has hammered out the silver bowl
Of heaven into lacquer of the clouds.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank [*Jessica comes forward*]

Jessica. I come once more to answer to those words!

Shakespeare. Come, Jessica. *Look how the floor of Heaven*
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim. [*They wander off together*]

EPISODE SIX.—SHAKESPEARE, TODAY

[*Present day. Prospero's isle of the Pageant Grounds.* **Ariel** *appears, dancing a beckoning, summoning dance, drawing* **Shakespeare** *to the stage and to the present.*]

Ariel. Come, Master Shakespeare, back to earth again!
Three hundred years call to you, and I call.
These flowery islands, given to revelry
And beauty call you, as to Prospero's isle,
I once thought Prospero my master. Now
I know 'twas ever you, his master, too.
And since I never mortal was, I still
Can follow you through all of time and space.
As the air trembles in the glorious sun,
I tremble back to being and to you.
And I can show you what takes place today.
Then, *Come unto these yellow sands!*

Shakespeare. [*Bewildered, following slowly.*] I see
No sands.

Ariel. You see none? Do you so forget
Your Ariel and Prospero? With your eyes
Of spirit look, and you will clearly see
A mystic seacoast bound Bohemia.
And how within this twentieth century
Arden, the forest, comes to magic life.

[**Ariel** *dances the transformation dance.*]

Shakespeare. [*Seeing the audience.*] What's this? Enchantment?

Ariel. 'Tis three centuries
After your time, and on your day of birth.
We give your plays. We hold to you the glass
Of nature. Is it like?

Shakespeare. [*Concealing a smile.*] So this is I!
And these my plays! They've changed in all this time!

[*To Bacon who appears, threatening, foolish*]
Hence, home, you idle creature, get you home!
You block, you stone, you more than senseless thing!
Why do you dog my footsteps?

Bacon. I do go
Wherever you go, as a shadow doth
I'm like you as your shadow—

Shakespeare. [*Disgusted.*] That's not like! [*He waves him off; turns back to Ariel and the audience again.*

My friends, you do mistake me! I was one
Not greatly thought of in his day and time
Although his plays were liked enough, 'tis true
So too were plays of other playwrights, who
Were less recluse than he. But now you write
Much madness: item,—Did he love his wife?
What was his most ambition? I will say
To be an actor with the chiefest part.
Or say, that was not I, but that I had
A cousin, William Shakespeare, whose same name
Played havoc with your scholars, while my ghost
Laughed in his—wing! I may not show the truth.
Think thatI had no being, save my life
In my book-folk, and in my little son.

[*He steps up to the audience and chooses a child of twelve; addresses the child's father.*]

Lend me this little lad of Hamnet's age!
Wherevermore some boy hath eager light
Of fancy in his eyes, of love of life,
Heart, brain and spirit, like this twelve-year lad,
My Hamnet lives again, there is no death. [*Pause*]

Boy. O, Shakespeare, is it really you? I play
Your plays! I have a theatre.
We made it in the attic! I have been
Macbeth, the ghost, Othello: Oh, and more!
Will you play for me there?

[**Ariel,** *dancing between them, not permitting* **Shakespeare** *to answer, leads the boy bewildered back to his seat.*]

Boy. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Father, I fell asleep! I dreamed he spoke!
That Shakespeare spoke to me!
Father. Hush! Hear the play!

[**Shakespeare** *holds his arms out toward the retreating boy.* **Ariel** *leads* **Shakespeare** *back*

Ariel. Were you glad, Master, to awake? You said
Our little life is rounded by a sleep.

Shakespeare. A sleep! Methinks this life *here* were a sleep

Rather than that! Why, man! [*checks himself, as if invisibly stopped*]
I can't say more!
Save; beauty, visions, marvels, as in youth,
But visions that are real [*stops,*] I may not more!
Ariel. Now must you see the world abroad today;
What man has fashioned and your England's plight. [*Summons* **Puck**]
Shakespeare. My England's plight?
Ariel. Come hither, Puck, from far
From Arden or from Athens, [*Puck appears*]
Puck. *I met a fool in the forest! 'Was a man*
Dwelt by a churchyard! Yonder! *I will put*
A girdle round the earth in forty minutes.
[*He conducts Shakespeare, bewidered, to a waiting automobile.*
They whirl off; a dance follows by **Ariel.** *They return.*]
Ariel. What did you see?
Puck. The cities of the world!
Ariel. What thought he of the moving pictures, say?
Puck. He cried aloud, "The streets do reel as tho'
The Mermaid Tavern were just left behind!
Are mine ears stopped? They speak and no word comes.
Mine eyes are dazzled, but mine ears are deaf.
They show the past and present in a breath
Men's thoughts are visible! Take me away!"
Ariel, [*Laughing*] What thought he of skyscrapers?
Puck [*in glee*] Ask of him!
Shakespeare. Cities on tiptoe! Cities set on end!
As 'twere a little, old-time London street
Set up on end, in one tower a whole town!
When next I come, will Avon parallel
The spire of Trinity? But, oh, the world
In agony and danger! Clouds of war!
Now all the youth of England are on fire!
Our dogs of war, to your deep-baying hounds
Although we thought them valiant, truly were
What is it that you call your toys today?
As Pomeranians, beside blood hounds, set
Upon the scent of human flesh and blood.
My England's perilled! Not as once of old
The hand-to-hand encounter, but too far
Even to be seen, the deadly fire and sword!
Cry, *England and Saint George!* My noble England,

'Tis holy land to-day. Let each man now
Give his pure soul unto that Captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long
Now to this war, as to those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross. [*The Red Cross Knight appears*]
The Cross, the Red Cross, 'tis His messenger
Borne by that knight that brooded o'er my birth
And o'er my passing. Now he calls me back
Again, St. George, my Red Cross Knight. I come!

[*He goes, followed by Ariel, Groping as he goes ; he suddenly ages.* **Judith** *his daughter comes forth with solicitude to meet him, and leads him away.*]

Judith. Father, you're tired! You've dreamed too much today!
You must not write more plays. It's too hard work

Shakespeare. Ah, this is Prospero's isle, and I am he.
And you the faithful daughter. Sweet, good-night
Judith-Miranda, you have cheered my age.
And I have seen you wed. The end is near.
I fain would dream of Hamnet. I'll go sleep.

EPILOGUE

The Red Cross Knight
In the old days, the fight was hand to hand,
St. George and Holy Cross! and Palestine!
But now—*he staggers aghast at the Vision of War*—the Terror!
The unequal fight
The snake in-the-grass live poison coiled to strike.

[*He turns to the group of children*]

Poor child crusaders, you must suffer, too!
Oh, had the armies and the navies ranged
Beneath the Cross instead of 'neath the signs
Of armament that now we need awhile
To save that very cross, and had the marts
Of commerce sold their wares beneath the cross

Then had these things not been [*He sees the nurse approaching.*]
My own Red Cross!
Now, by the death of Him who died for all,
What means the vision? Gentlest flesh and blood,
Armed with the Cross, confronts the hidden Death.
Oh, stop the havoc, all ye hosts of heaven
Invisible, and those new-rising hosts,
The young dead, slain by thousands, stop this thing!
Who art thou, lady sweet, that goest forth
Not clad in silks and laces, but in white,
Armor of purity and of the soul,
Yet not a white of spirits; but somehow,
Whiteness of courage, white of deeds, not dreams:
Who art thou? Answer! For upon thine arm
My sign is set; the Red Cross of St. George!
What is thine errand?

The Red Cross Nurse. It is even as thine,
To succor any helpless in distress,
Upon the field of dying youth to know
No enemies, but only friends in need.

Knight. There is an aura 'round thee that doth shine!
What meaneth it?

Nurse. It is the memory
Of those who went to danger and to death
In service of the dying; they who heard
Last words of dying poets who had flung
Their youth and all their lyric songs away
For England's need—the songs they might have sung—
One such sang ere he went to certain death:
If I should die, remember this of me,
"That there's some corner of a foreign soil
That is forever England." Rupert Brooke,
Loved of the gods, died young. How the gods love
This generation! And there is a school,
In the new world of Eldorado young,
Old Harvard, where the war-class window shines,
Of '61, in old Memorial.
It shows a youth, gone forth unto the wars
Straight from the class-room, in new armor clad.
The motto reads: "E litteris laeti

Pro patria ad arma—from their books
Glady to arms for native land!" Such youths
We haste to serve.

Knight. St. George and Holy Land!
O Thou whose captain I account
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul.
Have pity on the earth! "Let us have peace!"
Forces of wrong, avaunt! Bow down before
Saint George and the invincible Red Cross!

COMPLIMENTS

of the

WELLESLEY TEA ROOM

Wellesley
Mass.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

WABAN HOTEL CO.

WELLESLEY

COMPLIMENTS

of the

WELLESLEY PUBLIC MARKET

595 Washington St.

Wellesley
Mass.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

CHARLES N. TAYLOR

10 Grove St.

Wellesley

Marinello Shop

Dr. Irene L. Blizzard

CHIROPODIST

Scientific Treatment of the Face, Scalp and Nails

General Massage

The Waban, Wellesley, Mass.

Over Clement's Drug Store

Telephone 442-W

F. H. Porter

HARDWARE AND STOVES

Paints Oils and Varnishes

Gas Piping, Tin and Sheet Iron Work

Plumbing and Heating

Vulcanizing

Let me give you a bid

Taylor Block, Wellesley, Mass.

Telephone Conn.

H. J. Claff G. Asquith

Telephones 690-691

Wellesley Market

Successors to

F. A. Coolidge and Stevens Bros.

PROVISIONS

562 Washington St.
Wellesley

PRACTICAL MEN

Plumbers, Water, Steam and Gas Fitters

Sheet Metal, Range, Furnace and Automobile Workers

Drinkwater Bro. Co.

544 Washington St.

Wellesley Square

Tel. Wellesley 219-W Office and Work Shop

Tel. Wellesley 209 W Residence

Christopher M. Bassett

Practical Horse Shoer
and Jobber

Special Attention Given to
Interfering, Overreaching
Knee-knocking and
Tender-footed Horses

P. O. Box 233, Wellesley Hills
Shop Rear McLeod's Block

NEAT AND UP-TO-DATE

BARBER SHOP

Experienced and Skilled Workmen

Bert Boyd, Prop.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Lorne E. Wright

LAUNDRY — DYEING
CLEANSING

Highest Grade Laundry Work
Custom Work
Tel. Con.

46 Kingsbury Street
Wellesley

L. F. Sanborn

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

TOYS DRY GOODS
PERIODICALS

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

ANTIQUES

Especially the kind our ancestors used. Interested parties invited to view my collection. Just the articles for a summer home. Canopy top beds, bureaus, sofas, desks, old chairs, etc.

E. M. REED
Cor. Forest and Washington Sts.,
Wellesley Hills

KEITH'S MARKET

MEATS AND PROVISIONS
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish

Oysters in Season
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

WELLESLEY HILLS

Miss Bishop's Gift Shop

WELLESLEY
10 Grove St.

SPECIAL LINE OF
BIRTHDAY AND EVERY DAY
CARDS AND CHOICE
GIFTS

Buy the Milk and Cream
that won the Silver Cup

Cleanliness is my specialty

RIVERDALE FARM

Stanley Young

WELLESLEY HILLS

Tel. Wellesley 104-W

COMPLIMENTS

OF

JOB MONAGHAN

WELLESLEY

FRED O. JOHNSON

MORTGAGES
REAL ESTATE AND
INSURANCE

Wellesley
Mass.

ARTHUR P. FRENCH

Civil Engineer
and Surveyor

NO. 35 THE WABAN

Wellesley
Mass.

DR. F. S. KEATING

Dentist

Telephone

Waban Block
Wellesley
Mass.

Wellesley Hills Pharmacy

Wellesley Hills Agent for

APOLLO CHOCOLATES

Always Fresh

Fraser

THE FLORIST

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

Artists in Designs
Wedding and Presentation Bouquets

65 Linden Street

WELLESLEY

Tel. 597

Dine at the

Maugus Inn

OPPOSITE

Wellesley Hills Station

Tel. 494-W

Tel. Wellesley 200 and 201

C. H. Spring Co.

HAY AND GRAIN
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

E. A. Davis & Co.

DRY GOODS AND
GIFT SHOP

Stationery, Rental Goods

549-557 Washington Street

Wellesley, Mass.

The Bird Cage Tea Room

541 WASHINGTON ST.

opposite P. O.

Wellesley
Mass.

The Clement Drug Co.

N. CLARK CLEMENT, Pharm. D.

DRUGS

ALL THE BEST CANDIES

Waban Block, Wellesley, Mass.

Corner Grove and Washington Sts.

FOUNTAIN PENS

Boston Safety
Conklin Self-Filler
Moore's Non Leakable
Waterman's Ideal

H. L. Flagg Co.

Crane's Linen Lawn
Drawing
Fountain Pen and Office Inks
Dennison's Goods

Wm. W. Diehl

HACK, LIVERY AND
BOARDING STABLE

Carriages at all trains
Hacks furnished for Parties and Funerals
Careful Drivers Provided

11 Forest St., Wellesley Hills

FURNITURE AND
PIANO MOVING

D. W. Richardson

COMPLETE HOUSE
FURNISHER

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Bedding, Window Shades, Draperies and Hub Ranges

Upholstering and Repair Work
31 Main Street Natick, Mass.

Phone 289-W
AGENT FOR SONONA PHONOGRAPH

Open Day and Night Telephone 21520 Wellesley

Lower Falls Garage

ABRAHAM LUFF, MANAGER

Cars Stored and To Rent

54 WASHINGTON STREET

Opposite Glen Road
Newton Lower Falls

Automobiles Repaired and Overhauled
Auto Supplies
Vulcanizing

Fritz J. Nelson

PAINTING
DECORATING
PAPER HANGING

Hardwood Finishing

Sign Painting Glazing

OFFICE
WELLESLEY AVENUE

Telephone Connection

Wellesley Grocery Co.

GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS

WELLESLEY SQUARE
Telephone Wellesley 270

B. L. KARTT

LADIES' TAILOR AND
FURRIER

543 Washington St.
WELLESLEY
MASS.

Telephone Wellesley 21 7-R

Cleansing, Dyeing and Altering
Carefully and Promptly Done

E. B. PARKER

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
Repair Work a Specialty

THE NORMAN

WELLESLEY SQUARE

Telephone Wellesley 471 W

A. GAN

Fashionable Ladies' Tailor

548 Washington St.

Wellesley
Mass.

Tel. Wellesley 104-W

Henry Young

CARPENTER AND BUILDER

JOBBING OF AL KINDS

Worcester St. Wellesley Hills

A. G. Lake

FLORIST

WOODLAWN AVE., WELLESLEY HILLS

Cut Flowers for all occasions

FUNERAL DESIGNS

S. De Fazio

FRUITS AND
GROCERIES

P. O. Building, Wellesley Hills

Telephone connection

J. D. Macewen

AUTOMOBILES
and CARRIAGES

Established 1870

Repairing a Specialty

Natick, Mass.

Tel. 177-W

Smart Sport Hats

The New White Silk
LISERE SPORT
HATS
Also
BLACK AND ALL
COLOR
SAILORS
For out-door life of

SEASHORE and COUNTRY

Page

LADIES' HATTER
37 Temple Place
BOSTON

P. L. Issylino

LADIES' TAILOR

P. O. Building, Wellesley Hills

SHELLEY B. OSBORNE, D. M. D.

"THE LYMAN"

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

CHARLES A. HOYLE
Portraits by Photography

364A BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON

C. M. McKechnie
& Co.
CATERING
Estimates submitted
Ice Cream and Fancy Cakes
NATICK, MASS.
Tel. 52 W.

COMPLIMENTS OF
W. M. Todd Co.
HEATING
PLUMBING
27 SUMMER STREET
NATICK, MASS

Domestic Models in
Tailored and Dress Hats
Mrs. B. S. Greenwood
Room 10 Savings Bank Building
NATICK, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
James A. Early
Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

Compliments of

a Friend

"Choisa" Ceylon Tea

1 lb. Canisters
40 Cents

1-2 lb. Canisters
25 Cents

PURE
RICH
FRAGRANT

Packed in Parchment-lined One pound and Half-pound Canisters

We invite comparison with other Teas of the same or higher price

S. S. PIERCE COMPANY

BOSTON
BROOKLINE

Old or New Closets can be fitted with the BATTS SYSTEM OF TELESCOPIC WARDROBE FIXTURES.

Garments are hung correctly and easily handled. Call and see samples. Every good thing in

Hardware, Cutlery or Tools

Chandler & Barber Co.

BOSSON, MASS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 156 867 A

Will be pleased to consult on all matters relating to Insurance of any description

Gilmour, Rothery & Co.

William Gilmour	William D. Rich	Herbert Coolidge
J. J. E. Rothery	Henry A. Fiske	R. A. Bevins
S. T. Emery	Thos. E. Sears	Chas. F. Simmons

120-130 WATER STREET, BOSTON